

The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle.

In the village of Trawden near Colne in Lancashire is where daft Jimmy used to sit his pigs on a wall to watch the Sunday School scrollers march by on Whit Sunday.

In the quaint village of Trawden, nestled near Colne in the heart of Lancashire, there lived a man known far and wide as Daft Jimmy. He was a peculiar character, known for his eccentricities and oddities that brought a touch of whimsy to the village.

One sunny Whit Sunday morning, as the bells of St. Mary's Church chimed merrily, the children of Trawden gathered for their annual march. Dressed in their Sunday best, with ribbons and wreaths adorning their hair, they were led by the kindly Sunday School teacher, Miss Agnes. The village was abuzz with excitement as families lined the cobbled streets, eager to catch a glimpse of the festive procession.

As the children made their way down the winding path, a curious sight greeted them. There, perched atop a low stone wall, sat Daft Jimmy's pigs. They were a motley crew of contented oinkers, their snouts twitching in the crisp morning air, their beady eyes fixed on the approaching parade.

Gasps and giggles rippled through the crowd as they beheld this comical spectacle. The pigs seemed to be enjoying the affair, their curly tails wiggling with glee. Daft Jimmy, his whiskers twitching in delight, sat beside them, a wide grin spread across his weathered face.

Miss Agnes, with her gentle heart and a twinkle in her eye, approached Daft Jimmy. "Well, Jimmy, what brings you and your fine companions out to greet us on this splendid day?"

"Ah, Miss Agnes, I thought my pigs might enjoy a bit of the Whit Sunday merriment, they did," Jimmy replied, his Lancashire accent rolling over the words like a comforting melody.

Miss Agnes chuckled, her eyes sparkling with amusement. "Well, it seems they're quite taken with the festivities, indeed."

And so, as the children paraded by, the pigs watched with an air of dignified fascination. Some even let out approving snorts, as if offering their own form of applause.

The village of Trawden would talk about that Whit Sunday for years to come. It became a cherished memory, a tale told with fondness and laughter. Daft Jimmy and his pigs had added an unexpected, delightful twist to the day, forever etching their names into the annals of Trawden's history.

From then on, every Whit Sunday, as the church bells rang and the children donned their wreaths, there was always a twinkle of anticipation in the air. Would Daft Jimmy and his porcine companions make another appearance? The village held its breath in hope, eager for the day when the wall would once again be graced by those curious, merry pigs.

And in the years that followed, whether by serendipity or design, Daft Jimmy and his pigs never failed to bring a touch of whimsy to the cherished tradition of Whit Sunday in Trawden, forever cementing their place in the hearts of the village folk.

By Donald Jay